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Editors of The Spectator

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SPECTATOR

Vol. 12, No. 6

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

November 3, 1944

Uncle Sam's College Men

By Manuel Vera, Jr.

Home this week from Columbia University on an eleven day transit-leave was Ensign Francis Edward Byrne. Ed, a recent graduate of the V-12 program, came here in 1942 as an engineer, was active in sports and particularly notable as one of the charter members of the "Rover Boys." He received his commission as a deck officer on October 26 after four months of rigorous (that's what he said — "rigorous") study at Columbia in New York.

"Boy," sighed Ed, "I sure miss the old mob," as he sat in the Cavern surrounded by eight girls. Yep, he sure missed the "old mob." Seems as though he'll miss the new mob, too.

Ed passed the news on to us of Ed Hoeschen's graduation, commission, and marriage, and also of Ed Cary's commission in the Marine Corps.

Ensign Byrne has been assigned to ten more weeks of schooling in amphibious craft. He says he wants some "Kay-rations" from Missoula and some mail from the College, so address his mail to

Ensign Francis E. Byrne
Amphibious Training
School
Little Creek, Virginia

Pvt. Don Antush 39479947
Btry. D, 58th AART Bn.
Fort Bliss, Texas

Take a look at that address and use it often. Don was another engineer who came to the College in '42. He established himself in the Sodality and Gavel Club and was Co-chairman of last year's Barn Dance. He tells of K. P. troubles at present. It seems that they get mixed up on the detail schedule every so often and have to start at the beginning of the list again. "Of course my name begins with an 'A' and K. P. comes at least twice a week for all the 'A's.'"

Don was transferred from Camp Hood, which is "deep in the heart of" to Fort Bliss, or "out on the skin of," where he is in an anti-aircraft school battalion.

A very appreciative letter to the circulation department comes from PFC LeRoy Blanchette. It must be from the Pacific as he writes: "This island is full of coconut trees." That nothing more

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Members Sought For Inactive Pre-Medical Honorary

Alpha Epsilon Delta, pre-medical honorary, will take in new members to fill the vacancies left by absent members, as soon as those eligible have been determined. In a statement by Fr. Gerald R. Beezer, S. J., moderator of the organization, it was revealed that the honorary has, at present no active membership, those formerly active having departed for various medical schools throughout the country. The files in the registrar's office are being checked at present to determine those pre-medical students now in attendance, who qualify for entrance into the honorary.

Qualifications for membership include residence at the College for five quarters; a grade point average of 3.0 in science subjects; and a 2.7 average in liberal arts courses.

Active members of last year were Bob Parker, Don Burke, and Ralph Zech, now attending Creighton Medical School; Dick McLelland, Bob Romano, George Moffatt, John Painter, Pius Caputo, and Jim Layman, now at St. Louis Medical School; and George Brown, now attending Georgetown Med School; Leon Sayer, and Jess Roebuck.

Coach Expects Good Hoop Season

Stressing the use of the man to man defense, Father Carmody, S. C. basketball coach, paced the boys turning out on the basketball floor at the Garrigan gym Wednesday afternoon. The players were divided into two teams, consisting of Bob Truckey, Bill Fenton, Vince Beuzer, Bill Conroy, and Roman Miller on one side, and Tom Tague, Tom Kane, Don McGuire, Bob Crowley, and Tom Tangney on the other. It was noted that the teams showed great improvement over the last week's practice.

Fast-stepping Bill Conroy, 1943-44 S. C. letterman, made his second appearance at the turnouts, and promises to be of value to the Chieftains again this year. A well-balanced team is anticipated by Fr. Carmody.

College Visited By Fr. Flajole, Father Auvil, S.J.

Among the visitors to Seattle College last week was Father Edward Flajole, S. J., director of Mount Saint Michael's, Hillyard, Washington. Father Flajole, a former member of the faculty, is head of the school of philosophy and graduate studies for the Oregon Province of the Society of Jesus.

From Sheridan, Oregon, Father Oscar Auvil, S. J. dean of the Jesuit school of classical studies, also spent a few days with the faculty. Father Auvil is a former professor of Latin at Seattle College, having taught here in the Summer Session before the war.

Herb Hoover Elected Head Of Veterans

Herb Hoover was elected president of the newly organized Veteran's Club last Tuesday at the Club's first election of officers. Hoover is a freshman chemistry major. He held the rate of Staff Sgt. in the Army, where his chief work was in the field of orthopedics and surgery as a technician.

Vice-president of the association chosen at the meeting was Bernie Siefner, senior pre-medics student. Bernie's service record includes several years in the Navy prior to the war at which time he served aboard the heavy cruiser, U. S. S. Tuscaloosa.

Glen Sydnor will handle the Club's records and funds as secretary-treasurer. He is a freshman in pre-medics. An O'Dea graduate, Glen served in the Army, first studying in the A. S. T. P. and later working with the Infantry.

Reading Club Being Organized By Swarva

Plans are being made for weekly meetings of the Reading Club, which has functioned regularly in the past.

Nancy Swarva is in charge of rejuvenating the organization and asks that those interested in joining contact her.

Lambda Tau Sponsors Raffle On November 8

With a view toward obtaining money to sponsor a tea, Lambda Tau, medical technician's honorary, is this week sponsoring a raffle on a Shaeffer Lifetime pen and pencil set, valued at fifteen dollars. Chances, selling at 20c apiece, are being sold by Marcella Geraghty, Pat Bodvin, Dorothy Reardon, Eunice Washburn, and Jean Marie Peerenboom. The drawing will take place on Wednesday, the money to be used to finance a tea of introduction for new members, which will take place in the near future. The pen and pencil set may be seen on display in the Bookstore until the drawing takes place.

High School Students Plan Tournament At College

Thirty-five Northwest Catholic High School students have registered for the forthcoming debate tournament to be held December 15 and 16 at Seattle College, Father Vincent Conway announced today. Sponsored annually by the S. C. Gavel Club, the tournament last year was attended by seventy-five students.

S. C. will award a scholarship to the most outstanding speaker at the conference, won last year by Beverly McLucas. Plaques will be given to the winners of the debate, oratory and extemporaneous speaking contests. A dinner-dance in the Engineering Building will form the grand finale of the tourney.

Co-chairmen of the affair are Rosemary Lindstrom and William Conroy, assisted by Fred Holt, publicity; Michael McKay, housing and transportation; Beverly McLucas, chairman of oratory and extemporaneous; and Patricia Travers, dinner and entertainment.

THE WEEK IN PREVIEW

Friday, Nov. 3	Freshman Meeting, 12:10
Monday, Nov. 6	Riding Club meeting, 12:10
Tuesday, Nov. 7	Gavel Club, 8:00 p. m.
Wednesday, Nov. 8	Missa Recitata, 7:25 a. m.
	Lambda Tau raffle drawing, Sodality, 8: p. m.
Thursday, Nov. 9	Skating Party, 10:30-12:00
Friday, Nov. 10	Ski Club, 8:00 p. m.

College Skates At Ballard In A.W.S.S.C. Party

The Associated Women Students will "cut the ice" next Thursday with the first all-College ice-skating party of the year. With the exclusive use of the Ballard Ice Arena from 10:30 p. m. to 12:00 p. m., the co-chairmen, Ginny and Katie Niedermeyer, are making plans for a capacity crowd of College students and their friends.

Feature of the intermission will be a figure skating exhibition by a 1944 Pacific Coast Champion, Katie disclosed. She added however that beginners will be in the majority during the sessions so that none will need to feel self-conscious. Ginny pointed out that skates may be rented at the Arena, although those wishing to bring their own are welcome to do so.

Kay Hanley and Betty Weigand have begun the ticket sales, according to Kit Eisen, president of AWSSC, while Nancy Swarva has been conducting an intensive and artistic publicity campaign for the last week and a half.

Gavel Club Posts Eligible Lists For Dance On November 7

At the last meeting of the Gavel Club, Mary Jane Burke announced plans for a dance to be held in the Engineer's Building, Tuesday, November 7. Only active members of the Club, that is, those who have attended the last two meetings, will be allowed to attend. A list of those eligible will be placed on the bulletin board this week.

IS IT A DATE?

AWSSC
ICE SKATING
PARTY

THURSDAY
NOVEMBER 9

BALLARD ICE ARENA

SPECTATOR » FEATURES «

DEMOCRATIC VIEW

-- June Peterson

When I step into the voting booth and pull the green curtain about me on November 7, I am going to pull the lever which will record one more ballot for Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Democratic candidate for the office of President of the United States.

When I cast my vote, I will be helping to elect a man who has shown his worth and who can be trusted with the care of a nation. It matters little that he has already held that office for twelve years. It matters little that his term has surpassed in length the reign of many rulers in the history of the world.

This election is not being polled on vague political issues. Its outcome will determine the future of every man, woman, and child who lives in America. People are going to vote for Mr. Dewey because they dislike the policies which have marked Roosevelt's terms. People are going to vote for Mr. Roosevelt because they dislike Dewey's youth. But personal dislike or mere adherence to party lines should not be the basis of decision in an election.

There are those who refuse to acknowledge the good following Mr. Roosevelt's election in 1932. There are many who say that America would have found her way out of the depression without his help. There are many who even claim that Mr. Roosevelt hindered economic rehabilitation.

There are the people who will claim, should Mr. Roosevelt be reelected, that Amer-

ica could have found her way to a lasting peace without him at the helm of the ship of state.

People with a prejudice are afraid to open their eyes because they know that when they open them they will be proved wrong. But these people are letting themselves be blinded by their prejudice; they are making a mistake which will vitally affect the remainder of their lives and the life of their country as well.

Mr. Roosevelt has proved his worth as a leader of his people. He has the ability, his record shows, to lead America through the maze of the last years of this war, and through the troubled waters of the national strife and international diplomacy sure to follow.

I am not afraid to vote the Democratic ballot. I am not afraid that I will be giving too much power to one man. If the English Parliament can reaffirm its trust in Mr. Churchill by a vote of confidence in their leader we can too, by voting again in a public election for Franklin D. Roosevelt.

REPUBLICAN VIEW

-- Bill Fenton

As a young college student voting in his first national election, I find it a rather difficult problem to select my presidential candidate. Undoubtedly, the coming unpredictable events and happenings throughout the world make it difficult for both major parties and both candidates to set up a program that can be assuredly carried out and completed. So it is, I look for a high degree of vision and development in my candidate.

A man who can consolidate and unite our country through initiative, incentive, and vigor, the very essential characteristics of progressive America, is the man in whom I want to place my faith and trust not for me alone, but for us, for all America.

Thomas E. Dewey has a splendid public record of accomplishment and achievement. As district attorney for New York City and as the governor of New York he has come up a path similar to that which brought Franklin Roosevelt to the White House.

One main problem that I try to consider is that our aging president cannot compare in health and vitality with the vigorous Tom Dewey. As for Harry Truman as vice-president of the United

States, I can't see it.

I also feel that Dewey will do much to do away with government red tape and inefficiency. Trusting in his excellent record I believe that he will break up political rackets and wasteful government expenditures.

The very fine qualities of Governor Bricker are also encouraging merits for the Republican ticket.

I particularly liked Dewey's statement that he would appoint a ranking representative of labor to his cabinet as Secretary of Labor, and not an ex-New York social worker.

Due to these and other valid reasons, it is my conclusion that "it's time for a change." That's why I'll vote for Thomas E. Dewey for the next president of the United States.

TINETTE



Fog was blowing in through the Spectator's open windows. I went over to close them, but with my hand on the lock, I suddenly became aware of a soft yellow light playing about five inches above the campus in front of the building. Little fingers of fog moved and took on the shape of tiny creatures, perfectly formed and weaving back and forth in a strange rhythm.

Unbelieving, I leaned on the window sill until a tiny voice sent me reeling back into the nearest chair. "Please," it said, "Will you stop leaning on my foot?" As I struggled for my voice, I saw "her" on the sill. "She" was a lovely little thing, about two inches high, but with the poise and freshness of a girl of twenty-two.

A dainty but very earthy sneeze shook her, and in sheer fascination, I lent her a corner of my handkerchief. "You see, it's my cold," she explained. "I'd be down with my family having a good time, but now I have this wretched cold and won't even get to go to the masquerade on Halloween." And so Tinette and I became acquainted. The story she told me was incredible, the enchanting, eerie stuff of which fairy tales are woven.

In the days before Seattle College expanded, there was no L. A. Building, rising concretely at the corner of Broadway and Madison. Instead, there existed a tangle of grass, weeds, and rocks known whimsically to College students as "the sunken gardens." But to Tinette and her "people of the mist" it was home. Even in the brightness of the day, the mist-children rode beetles and played at hunting ants and spiders in its hidden depths. And at night, when the fog hung deeply in the hollow, no gayer place existed than in that humanly neglected corner.

Then four years ago, the rough hands of men marked off the lot and doomed the homes and lives of the "mist people." Loyal to their birthplace, they hid in rocky corners until the building was completed and then set out to find a place to exist during the days. At last Tinette's little brother found a place in the practical structure where the air was not too real for his people to breathe. He was wandering down the hall, reading the numbers above the doors (having just learned about numbers from eavesdropping in the waste basket in one of Father Gaffney's classes) when he discovered that the architects had for some reason omitted Room 208. While the Ladies' Lounge and even the Phone Booth had been dignified with numbers, Room 208 had been completely overlooked. And so the mist people investigated the place where it should have been, right between lockers 37 and 38 and found it fitting.

There they have lived for four years, silently waiting for the night hours when they are free to climb over the "Keep Off" signs, to sing their songs, to live a pale shadow of a life rather than admit that their time has passed.

The first ray of sunlight touched Tinette's hair, and it glowed faintly in the sunrise. Hastily she slid down the cord of the Venetian blind and ran lightly to the hall. I reached

(Continued on page 3)

Small Talk

We like . . .

Bill Mullen; finishing early; blondes in fuschia; fun

We anticipate . . .

more people at meditation; rushing books back to the library; gum

We don't like . . .

mental vacuum; oysters; being taken in by a joke; shoe stamps

We'll remember . . .

sliding down bannisters; watching Betty Wright run for a bus; a shock

DOT'S JOTS

Barn Dance Bits: Among the overalls all over and the pigtales in detail we'd like to chalk up these hayseeds in our memory books:

The inimitable Mr. Crosby leaning against ye cider bar, "Leave me be be-sider!"

Ted Mitchell — passing out radishes to his best friends, "My dear, you look positively radishing!"

V. Niedemeyer having a wonderful wish-you-were-here-time exclaiming, "But I think my man is ashamed of me!"

And there was the **freshman** who tried to raise the roof, but bumped her head on the rafters, was knocked "incongruous" and carried out in the arms of **Leo Schneider**.

We saw the **hay fever** addicts wheezin' from sneezin', "But why didn't you tell me it was a real barn!"

Jean Butzerin's little brother, Bob, "Gee, what a swell crowd, even the fellows are nice."

Bob Spesock, "But I dance much better with my shoes on, really."

Tom Pettinger, "Let's sit this one out. It's safer!"

— by Dot Collier.

Platter Chatter



SWEET: Two sides of good vocals come out as the Pied Pipers sing "The Trolley Song" and "Cuddle Up A Little Closer". Both are definitely good. "The Trolley Song" is another daffy ditty, but is much better than previous ones of its type. "Cuddle Up" is a smooth number with Paul Weston's orch. backing it up. (Cap. 168)

Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters team up again to give you "Hot Time In The Town Of Berlin" and "Is You Is or Is You Ain't". They are both fine with King Bing out in front to prove that his pipes are better than

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SARAZIN

By Jo and Al

Lost! Painters, carpenters, plumbers and electricians.

Found! Twenty-nine girls to carry on the activities of Sarazin Hall and find their way into the spotlight of the Seattle College news.

Amid paint buckets and ladders the girls of Sarazin Hall held their annual election of officers on October 23, with Mrs. Leonard, Dean of Women, present. The officers elected for the coming year are: Margaret Eberle, president; Shirley Mae Morland, vice-president; Cleo Mae Francis, secretary - treasurer; and Pat Travers, standards chairman.

Sailing into Sarazin Hall on the night of October 24 came the United States Coast Guard to "Swing and sway with Sammy Kaye." The most popular "girl" of the evening was the House Mother, Mrs. Fisher. During the course of the evening punch and refreshments were served.

With mid - terms just around the corner they find no dances, no dates — just studies.

Platter Chatter

(Continued from page 2)

Frankie's. He is amiably supported by the Andrew Sisters and Vic Schoen's orch. (Decca 23350)

Another fine album by Lee Wiley comes out as Liberty Music Shop presents her singing Cole Porter Songs. It is another example of why she is considered one of the finest singers of the time.

SWING: One of the finest repressings to come out is Benny Goodman's recording of "St. Louis Blues". The record is one of Benny's old orchestra when men like Gene Krupa were with him. On the reverse side is "Clarinet Marmalade" by Nick La Roca and the Original Dixieland Band. It is a good number if you like the real, old New Orleans stuff. (Victor 25411)

Victor presents an album that will leave you in a wonderful mood. It is Tommy Dorsey's Starmaker album, featuring Ziggy Elman, Buddy Rich, Frank Sinatra, Jo Stafford, Connie Haines, The Pied Pipers, Sy Oliver, and the rest of his band, when he had an orchestra that he could be proud of. A few of the tunes are "Swing High", "Not So Quiet Please", "Swingin' on Nothin'" and five others that are guaranteed to make you rave. (Victor Album P-150)

TINETTE

(Continued from page 2)

the door just in time to see Tinette join a sad procession of tiny people carrying yellow candles. And as I watched in the flickering light, all I could see was a thin saffron mist trailing down the hall and vanishing into the room that was not there.

—by Dona Moberg

Moore Chosen Best Speaker At Gavel Meet

Conclusively proving that there should be a transitional period before peace terms are established after this war, Mary Ellen Moore and Bill Conroy defeated Eleanor McCarthy and Mike McKay at the Gavel Club debate last Monday night. After the heated contest, Mary Ellen was chosen the best speaker of the evening by the audience.

Nominations for the vacant positions of vice-president and secretary were made, with the elections scheduled for the next meeting. Running for vice-president are Fred Dore, Beverly McLucas, and Eleanor McCarthy, while Mike McKay, Mary Ellen Moore, Pat Smith and Mercedes Siderius will compete for the office of secretary.

A debate with the teams of Mary Jane Burke and Dave Hallin vs. that of George Flood and Tom Kane will highlight the meeting next Tuesday.

Service Plaque, Silver Scroll Featured In ASSC Meet

Over five hundred more names will have been added to the Servicemen's Plaque by today, reported Tom Pettinger at the second ASSC meeting held last Friday at 10:00 o'clock in the K. of C. Hall. He pointed out however, that the list is still not completed and cannot be, without the cooperation of the student body. Tom requested that names of any former students at Seattle College, now members of the armed forces, not appearing on the honor plaque be brought to the attention of the committee-in-charge.

With the announcement of an AWS-sponsored ice-skating party, Katie Niedermeyer, co-chairman, invited all Collegians and their friends to come to the Ballard Ice Arena next Thursday night from 10:30 to midnight. Also of especial interest to women students was the announcement of the six Silver Scroll pledges by Eileen Ryan, president of Silver Scroll. The girls chosen were formally presented with their pledge ribbons, and announcement of their first project, the Sadie Hawkins Dance, was made by Eileen.

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Success Of Barn Dance Pleases All

It was a barn dance in the truest sense of the word when S. C. turned up a la corn last Friday night, in the hayloft of the Olympic Riding Academy. True to the traditions of harvest time, there was an abundance of everything—almost, including barn, straw, cider, moonlight, and hay fever. The only thing notably missing was oxygen, but the deficiency was made up by a generous supply of carbon monoxide, so no one noticed the difference. No one, that is, except Fred Dore, Joan O'Neill, Phil Brand, Fred Holt, Alice Gehring, Betty Wiegand, Glenn Sydnor, and Cay Hanley. Jack McAllister and Ann O'Brien were noted weeping heartily, while waltzing through "Hay, Babe," while Phyllis Gallagher sniffled sympathetically from the sidelines.

Theme songs of the evening were "Ciderwalks of New York," "Straw-berry Blonde," and "Hay Don't Want to Walk Without You." Tom Gilshannon and Virginia Niedermeyer were awarded first prize for being the corniest looking couple on the floor, and Bernie Costello took top honors in the beard-raising contest, in a close race with Ted Mitchell. Ted's only comment was, "He deserved to win."

The longest pigtailed seen were sported by Lois Crosby. She didn't say where she got them, but we suspect they weren't her own. All straw hats were put to shame by the dapper little sombrero that brought Bill Fenton. Rumor has it he got carried away on a fast piece of music, and spent the rest of the evening trying to get his feet back on the floor.

Politics was a leading topic of conversation, with Citizen Kane (Tom), Sky Henahan, and Jack So-my-calculations-were-off Youngberg arguing the relative merits of the GI bill, in its effect on undernourished Hottentots. No decision being reached, Mary Jane Burke announced that it would be taken up at the next Gavel Club meeting.

At 1:00 the last wagon creaked over the brow of the hill, as mellow voices joined in the strains of "The Irish Lullabye," and "Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder?" while from the deserted barn, the cry of the evening echoed and re-echoed along the shadowy haystacks, "Hey, where's the spigot?? Has anyone seen Mike McKay?"

It's no wonder that the little duckling Wears upon his face a frown For he discovered to his horror, His first pair of pants is down!

Lake Hancock Again Hit By HiYu; Sixty Visit Sandy Shore

It wasn't the crowd of 100 who originally signed up, but there was a goodly representation of 60-some hikers who poured themselves into the upholstered interior of the Luxury L. last Sunday, to hit the trail, (and hold it b'gosh!) to the sandy shores of Lake Hancock. There wasn't much there to begin with. By the time HiYu left there was less. But as one worthy freshman remarked, "They're logging it off anyway, so what have we got to lose?"

Everything was done in traditional style, there being the usual fire at the lake, built in the professional manner of True Uncapher and Mike McKay. The situation was remedied however with the arrival of Scholtz, who substituted wood for the Sunday Times. The blaze was steadier, though perhaps less sensational. Domestic George Flood and Tom Kane couldn't understand why the coffee wouldn't boil, till someone informed them that you have to take it out of the package and put it in water first. George, discouraged by his failure as a housewife, was later seen on the beach, skillfully hitting the bottle.

Jane Burke spent a highly entertaining afternoon tickling the tummy of a toad. Hypnosis was her explanation. Psychosis would be ours. Dot Merz, Eileen Hilton, and Tyay Smith took to the water with varying degrees of deliberation, while Beasley's medicine kit attended to the ills of injured hikers. Most seriously injured included Buck Vera, Jim O'Brien, Jeanne Veilleux, and Peggy Laufersweiler. Some were

reported worse off after treatment than before.

Being especially fond of youngsters, Barbara Ann Ryan and Rosemary Lindstrom brought their younger brothers along to play with John Denning. Singing around the campfire was unusual, as usual. Found to be favorites among the hikers were the mellow ballads, "Too-Ra-Loo-Loo-Ral," "Moonlight Bay," and "Throw a Nickel on the Drum." The homeward trip was uneventful except for the semi-breakdown of one of the trucks.

Comments on things-in-general were spoken by people-as-usual:

Phil Brand, to Barbara Ann Ryan: "You're not really in love with me. It's just infatuation. In three years you'll be all over it."

Bill Vague: "Give me a break, Tom; I'll toss you 6 to 1."

Tom Kane: "Goo-o-rge! Come on down and get this pack!"

Beasley: "Well, well, here are the Tangneys. Hello, Tom."

Joan O'Neill, Margie Lyone, Margie Latta, B. A. Ryan: "Without a song, a man aint got a friend . . ."

Rita Mayer: "Don't set the coffee can in the fire! It'll get all dirty!"

Don Golden: "Yeah, that's my cigarette. So what?"

Eileen Fleischmann: "Is there a trail on this hike?"

Tom Pettinger: "Don't do anything I'll regret."

Scholtz: "It's very simple. The trouble is all in the bending of the balance rod . . . whatever that is."

Disa and Data

by Margie Latta

Among the many controversy-provoking topics which come to the fore in the field of emancipation of the weaker sex, is the one brought up in a student survey this week. Of especial interest on a college campus, the question was stated: "Is college worthwhile for a woman?"

Bob Truckey — "A higher education never hurts anybody!"

Jean Marie Eschbach — "A college education is going to be necessary in order to be in the 'upper class.' I want to be in that upper class!"

Jack Goebel — "It's kind of a waste of time for a girl to go to school when she should be out working and saving money for a hope chest and stuff."

Mary Stevenson — "You learn things in college that you can't learn anywhere else."

Ed Bryne — "A college education after this war will be as much a necessity as a high school education was even three years ago."

Mary Stromberg — "A college education is just a waste of time as far as I'm concerned."

Bill Conroy — "If a woman learns anything at all from college, she's gaining."

Don Mayer — "I think that it helps a woman to understand herself better."

Roberta Walsh — "Even though a woman doesn't intend to make a career of the course in college, it's still a good idea to get the education!"

Bill Vague — "If a woman really intends to get something out of college, OK. But if she just fools around, it's a waste of time on her part and it wastes the time of the faculty."

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EDITORIAL

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year . . . "There is something about the month of November, something about the gaunt forms of trees stripped of their foliage, something in the unkempt look of leaf-strewn streets, in the bleak touch of winter in the wind, something even in the faded warmth of November sunshine that sets this month down as the month of the dead. It is as if Mother Nature has set out to keep before us during these weeks the Suffering Souls to whom we have dedicated November, to keep us ever aware that somewhere between here and heaven, our dead are pleading for our prayers.

There is little need for such a reminder in many homes this month, for a gold star in a window, a terse notice from the War Department, a letter returned with the stamp "Deceased," carry a far more poignant reminder than wind or weather could approach. Even those who have lost no one have felt the nearness, the suddenness of death in sharing another's grief. Few have remained untouched these War years, for where the Natural Law of the universe is transgressed, all men bound by that law will share in the sanctions.

This Month of the Dead has taken on new meaning, new value since the war began. There is a closer bond between us, who form the Church Militant and our dead, who form the Church Suffering. Where before, the Poor Souls may have seemed an impersonal body of the faithful, now they are distinct individuals, because one of ours is one of them.

Helping the Poor Souls is helping a best friend's kid brother; it is aiding the father of the tiny infant in the stucco house on the corner; it is offering a hand to the boy who starred on the high school football team, to the husband or sweetheart of a grade school chum, to the son of the woman who plays for the church choir, to the boy you've called your best friend since high school days. Would we deny them help, knowing they were in a prison camp? That's where they are, for that's what Purgatory is. And the price of their ransom is prayer.

A. S. S. C.

(Continued from page 3)

The Music Department's contribution to the program consisted of two violin selections by Cordelia Keppinger, "Hungarian Dance No. 5" and "None But The Lonely Heart." This was followed by Joseph DeTorre's tenor rendition of "Sylvia" and was

brought to a finale by a piano duet accomplished by Alice Cary and Mary Misener, who played "Hungarian Dance No. 6."

The success of the Community Chest Drive was reported by Bill Fenton, co-chairman, who thanked all those who helped with the project.

SCHOOL SUPPLIES — ART MATERIALS

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Service Men

(Continued from Page 1)

unpleasant than nuts are in the trees is assured by his statement that, "I must be one of those lucky fellows. So far, I haven't been near my foxhole since I dug it." He has praise for the cooks and their work in disguising what comes out of the cans and appreciated an innovation last month when they were surprised by ice-cream for desert. Movies, "pretty old ones," are their only entertainment as in that sector they are not allowed to listen to the radio. He misses Benny Glover's boogie woogie pianistics. Perhaps you can make him forget the air silence with a letter. His address:

PFC LeRoy N. Blanchette
534186

H. Q. S. Q. D. 21 M. A. G. 21
c/o F. P. O. San Francisco, Calif.

Bill Cloes writes us that he is just completing his course in C46's, the largest of all two engine transport ships. He expects to leave Reno for Nashville to get his ship and crew and then fly to India or Africa. Letters will follow him if you address them to

Lt. William B. Cloes
565th A. A. F. Base Unit
3rd O. T. U.
Reno, Nevada

For those who don't get all the news in letters, we should mention that Ed Weiner is back home in Seattle after having been honorably discharged from the Navy last month. Ed will be starting to school again next quarter under the veterans' program and would like to hear from his friends in the service.

Thirty-Five At Mendel Banquet

Father Beezer and Dr. Werby were the guests of honor at the Mendel Club banquet held Thursday, November 2 at Blackwell, Harvard North.

Thirty-five medical students attended the affair which was the culmination of initiation.

TEN YEARS AGO IN THE SPEC—

The Student Body clamors for a new Student Constitution.

The 1934-35 hoop schedule is announced and includes games with all members of the Northwest Junior College League.

Mary Rice is elected prefect and Agnes Valiquette assistant prefect of the girls' Sodality.

The Debate Society argues on the question: "Should the Commonwealth Plan be adopted?" Rudolph Buselmeier and Bernard Pearce uphold the affirmative, while Joe Hurley and Bob Smith speak for the negative.

EDITORIAL

It wouldn't seem fitting to let this day go by without some commentary on its importance to the students of S. C. You can't write a news story on the close of mid-quarters. There's not much of news value in the fact that the scene of activity will move again from the library to the Cavern for a few weeks; that with a little sleep and a little recreation, and a lot less midnight oil, the gaunt expressions on drawn faces will fade, and S. C. students will look human again; that a lot of books will be closed now until a week before finals, when another desperate battle for knowledge will ensue. You can't write headlines about things like that. It doesn't even make good back-page copy. It's just laughable, whimsical, human nature, dressed in cords and sport shirts, sloppy joes and loafers, giving in to its inconsistencies—idling away study hours in the Cavern, leaving text books in cold storage, doodling on lecture notes. You know you shouldn't, but you do it. Or maybe you don't.

Midquarters are over. It's wonderful to breathe again! But maybe you don't feel any particular exhilaration. Perhaps things don't look any different to you. Maybe you studied this quarter.

If you have never gulped steaming black java at midnight, in the glow of a shaded lamp bulb, doggedly inching out the body of a theme; if you have never wrestled with a mathematical equation while the clock ticked off 3 a. m.; if you have never run through an exciting chemistry theme for the fifth time, while the stillness of the empty lab magnified the tension rising inside you; if you have never let the weeks slip lazily by, while studies slide and assignments ride, or never lost an ounce of weight or a wink of sleep over midquarters and finals, then you won't appreciate this sympathetic little expose, if you haven't done these things, you won't know what we're talking about; and you probably won't care. Because ten to one, you don't go to Seattle College.

**"Won't you give my boy
a chance to get home?"**



**DON'T TRAVEL — unless
your trip helps win the war**

U. S. OFFICE OF DEFENSE TRANSPORTATION

In view of the approaching Thanksgiving and Christmas holiday season, the Spectator is glad to cooperate with the Office of Defense Transportation in discouraging unessential civilian transportation, in order that more Service Men will find it possible to visit their homes during this period.

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